

THE

12.

Battle of the Boyne.

To which are added

DARBY'S ESCAPE from CASTLEBAR.

Or, Cut your Stick.

The FEMALE DRUMMER.

The IRISH BOYS VALOUR.



Limerick; Printed by W. GOGGIN.

The BATTLE of the BOYNE.

JULY, the first at old Bridgetown,
 There was a grievous battle!
 Where many a man lay on the ground,
 By cannon that did rattle;
 King James had pitched his tents between
 Their lines for to retire;
 But King William threw his bomb-balls in,
 And set them all on fire.

Thereat enraged, they vow'd revenge,
 Upon King William's forces;
 And oft did cry most vehemently,
 That they would stop his courses:
 A bullet from the Irish came,
 Which grazed King William's arm;
 They thought his Majesty was slain,
 But it did him little harm.

Duke Schomberg then in friendly care,
 His King would often caution,
 " To shun the spot where bullets hot,
 " To return their rapid motion "
 King William said, " He don't deserve,
 " The name of Faith's Defender,
 " Who would not venture life and limb,
 " For to make a Co-surrender.

When we the Boyne began to cross,
 Then the enemy descended,
 Yet few of our brave men were lost;
 So stoutly we defended;
 The horte were the first that march'd o'er,

The foot soon followed after.

But brave Duke Scomberg was no more,
By venturing o'er the water.

When valliant Duke Scomberg was slain
King William he accosted,

His warlike men to march on,

And he would be the foremost.

" Brave boys, he said, be not dismay'd,

" For losing one Commander,

" For God will be your King this day,

" And i'll be General under."

Then stoutly we the Boyne did cross,

Our enemies to battle,

Our cannon, to our foes great cost,

Like thund'ring claps did rattle.

In majestic mien our Prince rode o'er,

His men soon followed after.

Wit blows and shouts put foes to rout,

The day we crossed the water.

The Protestants of Drogheda,

Have reason to be thankful,

First, to the Tholsel they were bro't,

And try'd at Milmount after,

But brave King William set them free.

By venturing o'er the water.

The cunning French near to Duleek,

Had taken up their quarters;

And fenced themselves on every side;

Awaiting for new orders.

But in the dead time of the night,

They set the field on fire,

And before the morning light,

To Dublin they did retire.

Then said King William to his men,
After the French departed;
I'm glad my boys that none of ye
Did seem to be fain-hearted;
So sheath your swords and rest awhile,
In time we'll follow after,
These words he uttered with a smile,
The day he crossed the water.

Come let us all with hearts and voice
Applaud our live's defender.

Who at the Boyne his valour shew'd,
And made his foes surrender;
To God above the praise we'll give,
Both now and ever after,
And bless the glorious memory
Of King William who crossed the water.

The FEMALE DRUMMER.

A Maiden I was at the age of fourteen,
And stole from my parents unknown
or unseen,

Enlisted in a regiment a drummer I become
And they taught me to beat on the hummy
hummy drum.

Many a pranks I've play'd in the field
Many of the Frenchmen I made for to
yield,

Many were the slaughters I saw amongst
the French,

And boldly have I fought although but a
wench

In course of my fighting oft' times have I
been

With the brave Duke of York, and at siege
of Valancienne

My officers they liked me, & least I should
be slain,

They sent me to old Ireland recruiting back
again.

Througout Dublin city was my recruit-
ing tour,

But for which reason I'd be a maid to this
hour,

A lady fell in love with me whom I told I
was a maid,

The secret to my officer she instantly be-
trayed,

My Commander sent for me to know if it
was real,

The question he asked me I could not con-
ceal,

Then smiling to himself these words he did
say,

It's a pity you should be lab'ring in this
toilsome way.

But now for your bravery at the siege of
Valencienne,

A bounty you shall get and that from the
Queen.

A husband now she got and a drummer he
become

And she taught him to beat on the hummy
hummy drum.

With my hat and feather had you seen me
then,

You really would swear I was the hand-
somest of men,

The Drummers envied me, my fingers
long and small,

I could beat on the hummy drum the best
of them all,

When at night to my quarters I used go
to bed,

I stripped off my clothes without fear or
dread,

But to myself I could not forbear to smile,
To lie with the soldiers and a maid all the
while.

DARBY'S ESCAPE from CASTLEBAR ;

Or Cut your Stick.

YOU honest neighbours pray draw near
Of my adventures you shall hear.

My senses they did almost mar,

When I was down at Castlebar.

I taken was without delay,

But being travelling on my way,

I was enlarged and so got free.

And returned home to my country.

When of the French I had got clear,
I bid adieu to the monsieur.

Then I set off to Balinrobe,
 I thought I might go through the globe;
 But to my grief I soon was brought
 To a rebel chief, my life they thought
 To take away immediately,
 And hang me up upon a tree.

When Colonel Plunket did me try,
 The rebel officers were all by.
 One said that I hanged should be,
 And he tucked up immediately.
 The thoughts of this made me look blue,
 I took their oath, I tell you true,
 And with them staid but ere 'twas day,
 I cut my stick and ran away.

But when I came unto Kilmaine,
 I soon was taken there again,
 By the pass word I there got clear,
 Away to Tuam I straight did steer,
 But soon again I taken was,
 As travelling without a pass,
 But when my story I did tell,
 I got a pass then all was well.

And now that I am safe at home,
 I do declare I ne'er will roam,
 But at home and live quite free,
 Since I have got my liberty.
 I 'scaped the gallows, and being shot,
 Beheaded I know not what,
 For ever I will bless the day,
 I cut my stick and run away.

THE IRISH BOYS VALOUR

Come all you gallant heroes of courage
void of fear,

Be true unto your country now this ensu-
ing year.

In the year of seventeen hundred and nine-
ty-five,

That we bold Irish heroes fought like Irish
boys alive.

It was in the year of ninety-two when
Louis was slain,

Which makes our gallant tradesmen in
grief to complain

Our loyal true hearted weavers they never
feared noi'e,

They'll fight for King and country like
gallant Irish boys.

That flourishing city of Dublin in ho-
nour it will reign,

For beauty and for grandeur our brave Irish
men,

Are forced to leave their country and go all
Abroad unto French Flanders to face a can-
non ball,

Now widows and poor orphans have reason
to complain

Let fathers sons and husbands in bloody
tears bewail,

May the powers of Iovs protect them and
send them home again,

We will have trade and honour boys when
peace it is proclaimed,